

THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

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A FAMILY AT HOME.

"WALK in, Mr. Child at Home, and bring all your nephews and nieces with you. Here we are in our jungle-home, — pa and ma, and our four hopeful babies. Only behave yourselves, and you're welcome."

Of course there's no such thing as refusing the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Tiger; and, although my nephews and nieces are very numerous, I mean to give them all a chance to see the wonderful pair and their little ones.

What do you think of them?

"The little cubs are *cunning as kittens*: but the old ones are savage; I'm afraid of them."

Well, they are beautiful. See the rich yellow fur adorned with black stripes! They are beautiful, too, in form and strength. Isn't beauty enough? You shake your head. Then remember that it isn't enough to be beautiful. One may be beautiful, and yet hateful and terrible.

Then you like the little cubs. But let me tell

you one thing. These little cubs are tigers, after all. Nobody in the world knows how to get the tiger-nature out of them. Just as surely as they grow up, they will be savage and bloodthirsty, like their parents.

Do you ever think that little children, when they grow up, sometimes change almost as much as that? There was once a painter who wanted to paint a picture of Innocence and a picture of Guilt, so that he might hang them up in his room, side by side. He found a beautiful clear-eyed, smiling boy, and said, "This will do for Innocence." So he painted a portrait of him, and hung it up, and called it Innocence. Then he went round to find some face to paint that he could call Guilt. He had hard work to find one that was bad enough to suit him. He gave it up. Years after, he was visiting a prison, and came upon a poor wretched convict with haggard face and sunken eyes, and, oh, such a look of despair in his features! "This is my picture of Guilt!" he exclaimed. So he painted the

portrait, and hung it up beside Innocence. It was a dreadful contrast; but the most dreadful thing about it was, that, without knowing it, he had painted the very *same face* that looked so sweet and smiling in its boyhood. Would you believe that such a change could be? But it can be; and this is one reason why we want to have your hearts changed while you are young. We want to keep the evil that is in them from growing and growing in such a fearful way. No one can change the nature of these little tigers: but God can change the hearts of little children by his Holy Spirit, and make them good; and you should pray for this, and strive for it.

I want to tell you one thing more about these tigers; and I will leave you to get the lesson from it without much help. Strong and terrible as they are, the natives of India know how to catch and kill them. This is one way of doing it.

"They gather a number of the broad leaves of a tree resembling the sycamore; and, having well besmeared them with a sort of bird-lime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side uppermost.

Let a tiger but put his paw on one of these innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it in order to rid himself of the nuisance; and, finding that plan unsuccessful, he tries to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the ropy bird-lime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time, he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face on the earth in his efforts to get free. By so doing, he only adds fresh bird-lime to his head, body, and limbs; and finally he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay. These cries are a signal to the crafty authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in dispatching their blind and wearied foe."

Now, did you ever know little children get into trouble from a very small beginning? Uncle Ed.

THE SEAMAN ON THE LAKES.

BY MRS. HERBERT.

My young reader has doubtless seen upon the atlas, if in no other way, those seas of pure, fresh water called the Great Lakes; and has heard the names Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, Lake Ontario. Did you ever realize that nowhere else in the world are there such great seas of fresh water? If you were out in the center of one of these lakes, you would see no land, and the great waves would roll about you like those of the ocean; but, if you tasted the water, you would find it sweet and pure as that of a mountain rill.

In the year 1812, when there was a war between England and the United States, a sailor from the British navy, who had spent most of his life tossing about in vessels upon the salt ocean, was sent out alone in a boat, upon one of those lakes, to watch through the day the movements of the enemy. It was midsummer, the weather excessively hot: and the sailor, soon beginning to suffer thirst, searched, among the stores provided, for the water, which had always been an essential provision at sea; but he found none. As the day advanced, his thirst grew almost insupportable; and he could find no language strong enough to express his indignation toward those through whose supposed neglect he was thus left to suffer.

But why, you will ask,—why not drink of the pure waters which surrounded him? Because, in his ignorance and negligence, he knew not, believed not, that it could quench his thirst. He knew nothing of our vast country and its immense fresh lakes, one of which is half as large as England, his native land. He had asked no questions, taken no interest, and knew not that the waters were just what he needed. So, through all that painful day, which seemed to him so endless, he suffered on, with the pure water, enough to quench the thirst of a world, before his eyes and within his reach; still panting, fainting, because he did not stretch forth his hand to take of the exhaustless flood.

When at evening he came to land, and cried out, "Water, water! I am perishing with thirst, and have had no drop to quench it through all this fiery day," they pointed to the waves which laved his feet, saying,—

"You have all day had an ocean of pure water about you: why have you not drunk of it?" And the astonished sufferer drank, and was refreshed.

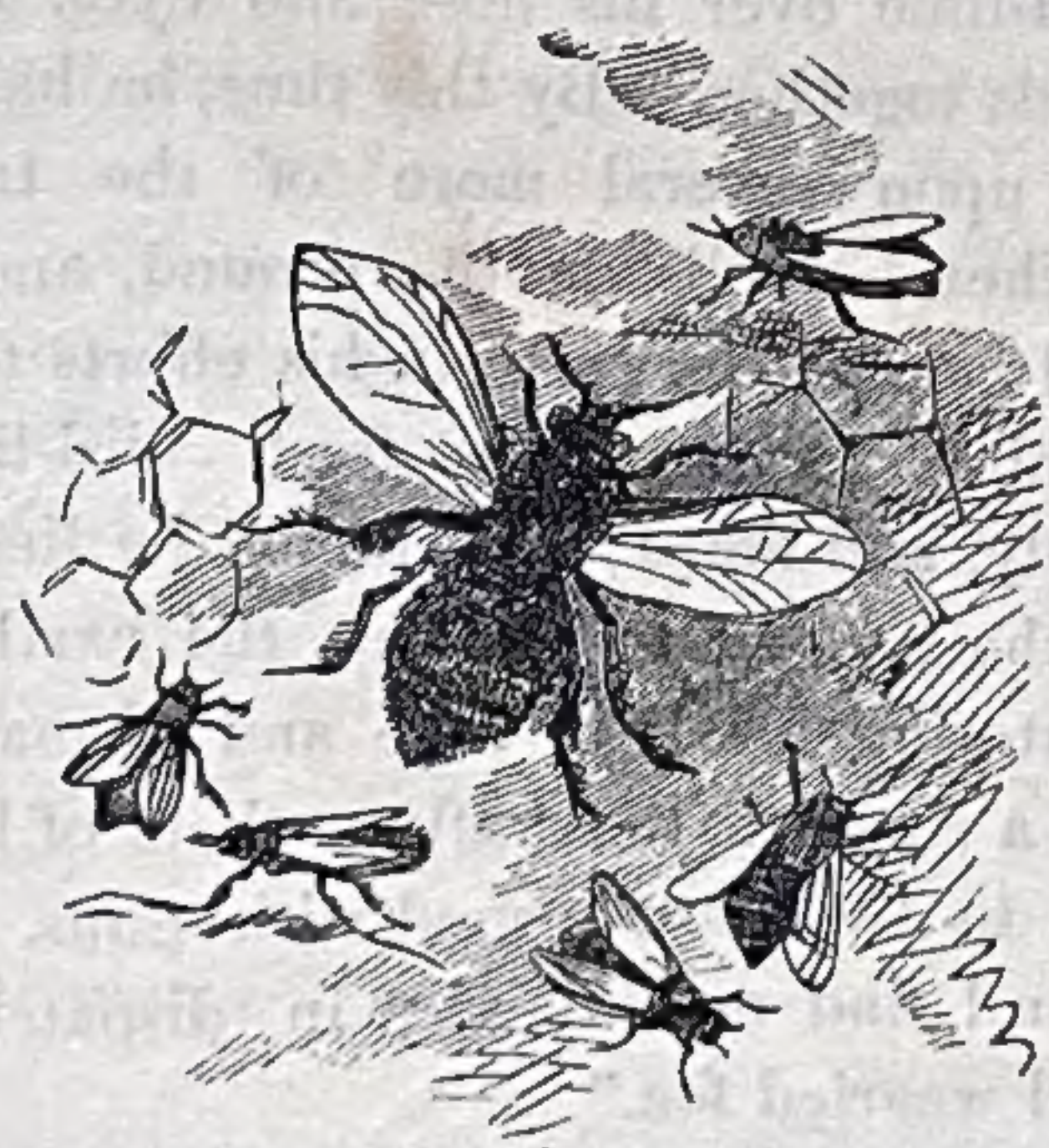
Dear children, our souls are all perishing of thirst if we have not yet drunk of the fountain of life,—the fountain which Jesus has opened for every one who thirsts.

"Jesus stood, and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

OVER IN THE MEADOW; OR, THE RHYMES BY WHICH MAMMA TAUGHT TOT TO COUNT 12.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.



Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,

Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.



Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.



Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.



Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.
(To be continued.)

KNOWING ABOUT JESUS.

If I could ask each one of you whether or not you know the Lord Jesus Christ, I dare say you would answer "Yes" at once. But did you ever think that knowing Jesus is a very different thing from knowing about Jesus? Let me try to explain what I mean. Before I left England to visit America, I knew something about your great country; but the feeling I had then was very different from what I have now. Now I have in possession what I knew only by hearsay before. The magnificent scenery of

mountains and rivers and lakes has become my own; and far away in my island-home, thousands of miles across the sea, I can bring up at will many and many a scene which was photographed on the pages of memory for ever. Before I went to sea, I had heard of gales and squalls upon the ocean. I knew about them; but I had no personal knowledge of them. Now I know by experience how grand and solemn and awe-inspiring the Atlantic may be when its huge billows are lashed into a gale. Ah, my dear young people! and long years ago—farther back than I can remember—I knew about Jesus. Lips which have long been closed in death taught me to lisp,—

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.
Fain I would to thee be brought:
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Grant that I may have a place
In the kingdom of thy grace."

Yes, I knew about Jesus; but I did not know him. But there came a time, when, though I did not know the Saviour, I knew myself to be a sinner; and then I knew, also, that it was not enough to know about Christ. Jesus is very real to me now; a living, loving, personal friend. Is he such to you? Have you, my dear young people, learned to know and love the precious Saviour, of whom you have heard all your lives? Sure I am you are not too young to have Jesus as your friend. He loves you. He says of you, as of the little children when he was on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Perhaps some of you have grown into big boys and girls without really knowing Jesus. Seek to know him now.

"'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young."

The personal knowledge of Jesus will be to you an anchor of the soul in the storms which will meet you in life.

Dear young people, I pray that you may very soon learn the difference between knowing Jesus and knowing about him.

E. A. W.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

This is one of the most beautiful churches in Paris, which, my little readers no doubt know, is the capital city of France,—a country far away across the ocean. Some years ago, I was visiting Paris with my little girl; and we were never tired of looking at La Madeleine.

The church is built of pure white marble, with fifty-two columns around it. You see these columns in the picture. Above them is a handsome cornice, or band of marble, carved; and above that, on the front, you see a large picture. This is a splendid bass-relief; that is, a picture carved on marble so that the figures stand out like raised work. Look at a cent, and you will see the head and letters raised on it: so in a bass-relief the figures are raised; and, when they are cut in white marble by a fine artist, a most beautiful picture is made.

The church stands quite high, and all alone, in a fine public square, with trees and fountains here and there; and, as you come in sight of the building on a bright sunny day, you may think it is a beautiful sight.

Edith and I thought so as we saw it first; and we walked towards it very slowly, so as to have the more time to admire its outward loveliness: but, after we were once inside, we thought the outside was as nothing.

We had to go up twenty-eight steps, it was built so high from the ground; and, before we went in, we thought we would take a walk all around it, inside

those columns. And it was a very pleasant walk. We looked out between the columns, and had a grand view of the square, of the streets leading to it, and of the carriages and people going to and fro, which gave the whole scene a gay and festive look. And every now and then Edith would pull my hand, and cry, "Look, mother, look!" and as I turned my head, there, in the wall of the church, was a niche, with a monstrous statue in it. There were a good many of these great marble statues; and I believe they were all to represent persons who died long ago, and who are now called *saints* by the Roman-Catholic people. I suppose, if they were really good men and women, if they loved Jesus, and were washed white from sin in his blood, they really are saints now before the throne of God in heaven. But the Roman Catholics have a way of giving the title of saint, or holy, to all in their church who have been distinguished in any way, either by learning, or by having done some great thing to help the church, or given a large sum of money to have their souls prayed for after they were dead. They are not at all particular about their having been good; though I have no doubt some of them were. But we must remember, you and I, little ones, that God is very particular about this, and counts none holy, or saints, but those who have been washed in the

"Fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

But, oh, if you only could see the inside of La Madeleine! That can't be given you in a picture; nor can I make a word-picture clear enough for you to get a true idea of its wonderful splendor and richness. The sides and roof are all gilded and painted; and there are statues large and small, and ornaments without number; and the light shines down through three grand domes above, and gives to the whole a gorgeous look which I can not describe to you. If you should stand at the entrance, and look in and around, I think it would scarcely seem to you like a real place.

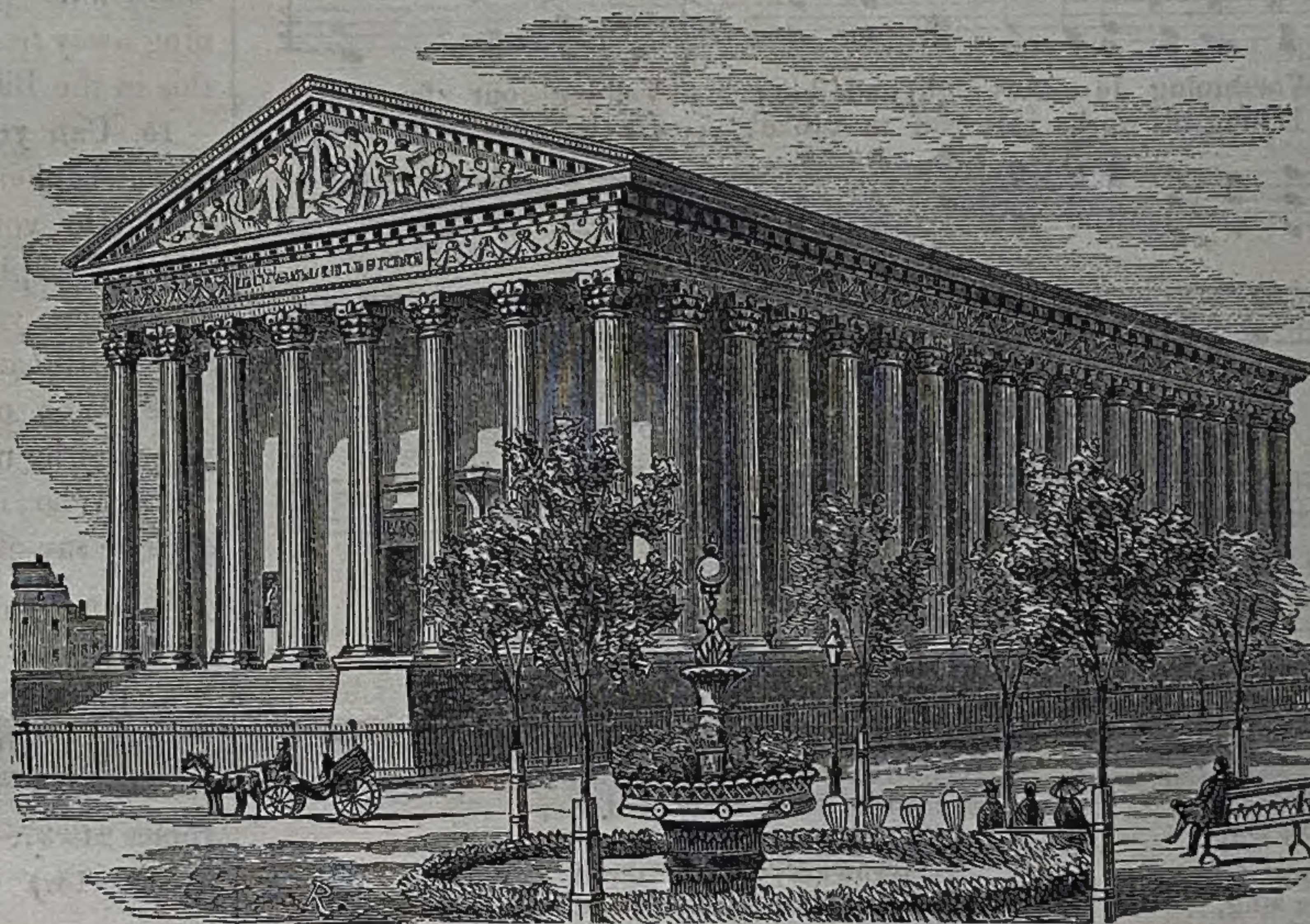
We went into this church a number of times. The first time, we just looked in, as I have described; and that seemed enough: for Edith said after a few minutes, "O mother! it tires me; it is too beautiful: let us go." The next time we went, there was service. Many people were in the church; and the organs were playing; and the priests and their attendants were marching up and down, and across the altar, doing many curious things which we could not understand, and sometimes saying a few sing-song words. We sat down and listened to the music. There were two organs: one would play, and then the other; after which the choir would sing or chant a few strains, and then both organs would peal out in a grand chorus. Edith was very fond of music; and she sat as if enchanted. She scarcely breathed. I don't think she thought of what was going on; only of the sweet sounds that rose and fell, and swelled out through the arches of that immense building.

Once again we went. It was a week-day, and early in the morning, when people were going into the church for their morning prayers. Not many people; only a very few, and those mostly women, and mostly poor-looking. All, as they went in, dipped their finger in a great marble stand of water near the door, and made a mark on their foreheads. I knew it was the sign of the cross they made; but it was done so quickly, that, if I had not known, I never could have guessed what it was. Edith looked and wondered. "What do they do so for?" she asked. I spoke before I thought: "They are making the mark of the beast upon their foreheads." And then I knew in a minute that she would

not know what I meant. And you will not, either: so I will tell you how I explained what I had said to her.

"The Bible," I said, "represents the Roman-Catholic Church as a great beast having seven heads and ten horns, with a mouth full of blasphemies, and as giving to all its followers a mark in their foreheads by which they should be known; and whenever I go into a Roman-Catholic church, and see all the people put their fingers into that water, — which they call holy, just because the priest has said a prayer over it, — and then with their fingers make that sign on their foreheads, I always think of the mark of the beast. Now look," I continued, "at the people as they go on up towards the altar. They don't sit down and sing and pray, and hear the minister talk, as we do: but first they go up and make a bow or courtesy to that image of Mary which is on the altar; and then they kneel, and mumble over a few prayers to her, — not to God, mind, but to a woman like any of us."

"But, mother," said Edith, "wasn't Mary better



than we? I should think God would have wanted the best woman he could find to be the mother of Jesus."

"Why, yes, dear," I answered: "but the very best woman that ever lived, even if she were perfect, would still be a created being; and the Bible speaks in a very strong manner about those who worship and serve the creature more than the Creator. These poor creatures do not worship God seemingly at all, but give all their homage to Mary, a woman, who after all, like the rest of us, had to be saved by her blessed son Jesus."

Is it not sad that so many are taught so wrongly? Do not you think so?

Edith said, if they would only read the Bible, they would know better. But the worst part of all is, that they are not encouraged to read the Holy Bible; and many of them live and die, I dare say, without ever knowing that God has given us this blessed book to show us the way to heaven. Oh, how thankful ought every little boy and girl to be who has been born and brought up in a family where God's Word is read and loved, and where God is worshiped and obeyed! You can never be too thankful for such a blessing, dear children; and every day you should pray for those who are in the darkness of a false religion.

THE SAP-SIPPING FOLK. — NO. II.

BY MRS. HELEN F. PARKER.

Soon after the talk about the aphides, Uncle Phil told the children he wished them to look at an apple-tree in the garden. They had expected a fine crop of apples on this tree; but it was very unthrifty.

"Your father planted it several years ago," said he. "I presume you think nothing is to be done to

a tree but put it in the ground. Now look, Seth: here are plenty of aphides on the leaves; and what is this on the bark?"

"I see nothing," replied Seth. His uncle raised with a penknife what seemed to be scales of bark.

"These," said he, "are insects, which suck the sap of trees, and may destroy them. They do not stir from the spot on which they once fix themselves; and their shells serve as cradles for the little ones. These are the famous shield-insects, or coccus, that make the peach-tree look gnarled and black."

"What is the good of such hosts of destructive insects?" asked Seth impatiently. "Who wishes to be for ever scrubbing and scraping and doctoring a tree to get fruit?"

"We should be a lazy race if not forced to toil," said his uncle. "Patient labor also cultivates your character as well as your tree. Do your parents ever cease to be watchful lest some evil habits or sentiments fasten upon you, and suck the life-sap which should make you flourish like the green bay-tree in the garden of the Lord? No, my dear boy:

good fruit can not be had from your tree or your soul without patient labor."

"But these insects are invisible. One does not know where to find them," said Seth.

"Ignorance makes them invisible. You should know the people in your apple tree as well as your neighbors in the village. All insect pests are good if they force the willfully blind to study Nature."

"I shall not love to sit under the trees any more, uncle," said Ella, "if they are full of bugs."

"You ought to like some of these bugs, my dear," said Uncle Phil mischievously. "But for their cousins in India, I could not have given you that curious bracelet you are fond of wearing."

"Is my bracelet made of bugs?" cried Ella.

"It is formed of a gummy substance that oozes from punctures made in the banyan, jujube, and other trees in India, by insects of this same coccus family. Sealing-wax is made from it; also waterproof hats and fine varnish. It is what Seth knows well by the name of shellac."

"Shellac!" exclaimed every one. "We all know shellac-varnish, of course. And so we may thank the insects for it!" said Seth, surprised.

"There is your box of paints, Ella," added her uncle. "You like best to use the lake and carmine; do you not?"

"Oh, yes! they are the prettiest colors," she replied.

"You may thank the coccus family for those too. Your paints are made out of the bugs themselves."

"Are my paints made of bugs? Why, Uncle Phil!" exclaimed Ella. "Do such bugs ever grow on apple-trees?"

"No: they are found on the cactus in Mexico. Indian women scrape them off, and scald them, or put them on hot iron plates. When dried, they may be kept hundreds of years without injury. I know of no other insect that can be thus kept."

"And the Indians sell them to make paint, do they?" asked Albert.

"The Indians do the work. The Spaniards export them for making a beautiful crimson dye as well as paint. You know these bugs well enough by the name of cochineal: *Coccus cacti* is the book name."

"Yes, we all know cochineal, do we not, Ella?" said Seth, laughing.

"The first man who called the cochineal a bug was thought a fool, although he was a learned Frenchman," said Uncle Phil. "Twenty years later,

